

The LASSES of KINGHORN

Tune of Clavers and his Highland Men.

All Gentlemen and Cavaliers
that doth delight in sport,
Come here and listen to my Song,
for it shall be but short:
And I'll tell you as brave a Jest,
as ever you did hear:
The Lassies of Kinghorn Town
put our Officers in fear.
2 It fell upon a Wednesday
the Month of February,
Some of the brave Commanders
came to Kinghorn Ferry.
Having with them a Chapman Lad,
a Thief they had taken,
The Tide was spent ere they came there,
and to the Town they were gone.
3 And as they went along the Street
the Chapman made his Moan.
He wrang his hands and said, alas,
that ever he was born;
For I'm a silly poor Pedler,
from me they ta'en my Pack,
Of all my seven years gathering
they left me not a plack.
4 But yet with this they're not content,
nor will they pass me so,
But I must be a Soger,
to Flanders I must go,
To Flanders I must go,
a Soger for to be.
But I will die ere I come there,
I'll be so sick at sea.
5 The Women were much moved
to hear him make his Moan.
And some of them most courteously
unto the Captain's gone,
Desiring him of Charity
that he would let him gang,
But he answered them disdainfully,
he'd rather see him hang.
9 The women were much moved,
and took this as a slight,
Said he should be relieved
in spite of all the r' Mights:
They gathered right hastily,
and forth into a row,
With Bleeching Knocks and Harrow Bills
I wot they were not slow.
7 The Captains they went back again,
and out their Swords did draw,
The women then they laugh at them,
of that they stood not awe;
But then on them they throng'd so fast
unto the ground them dang,
And took the Swords out of their hands,
and soundly did them bang.
8 The Captains they got up again,
and longer durst not bide,
For little of their Valour
I'm sure was seen that tide:

The women they charg'd furiously,
till that they made them run
With Bleeching Knocks and Harrow Bills
but neither Sword nor Gun.
9 The Women they charg'd furiously,
ran down the Brae like fire,
They made the Captains stand in awe,
and yield to their desire:
The first was Captain Wilson,
with a Rung in her hand,
She made the Captain stand in awe,
and yield to her Command.
10 The next was Major Stenison
and her sister also,
Give me the Pedler's Pack again
ere that ye further go
She took the Serjant by the breast,
she threw him on his back:
Lieutenant Birrel hastily
took up the Chapmans Pack.
11 But out came Colonel Turnbull,
that honest Widow Wife,
She ask'd at her Comerades,
what meant all this strife?
They've ta'en a silly poor Pedler,
and will not let him go:
She answered them courageously
saith it shall not be so.
12 She took a Knock into her hand,
of Bleeching she is good,
She caus'd the Serjant stagger
in the place where he stood,
And in her hand in his Pocket
and out the Purse did draw,
Gave him a clink out o'er the Crown,
awa ye Rogue awa
13 The Sailers they laugh heartily
for to behold the sport,
To see the Captains run away
for shelter to the Boat:
But up spake General Paterson,
she spake with Counsel good,
And she desir'd to sound retreat,
for she would have no blood.
14 For we've got the Pedlers Pack & Purse
and this is all bad he,
Had it not been for King William's sake,
we'd drown'd them in the Sea.
The Captains then they were right glad,
when that this News they heard,
Desir'd the Seamen hoise their Sails
and nor longer to bide.
15 For we have all been Sogers
more then this duzen of years,
And all the Battels we were at,
we were never in such Fears,
O sy on you for Sogers
that ever you took pay,
The Lassies of Kinghorn Town
they made you run away!
F I N I S.